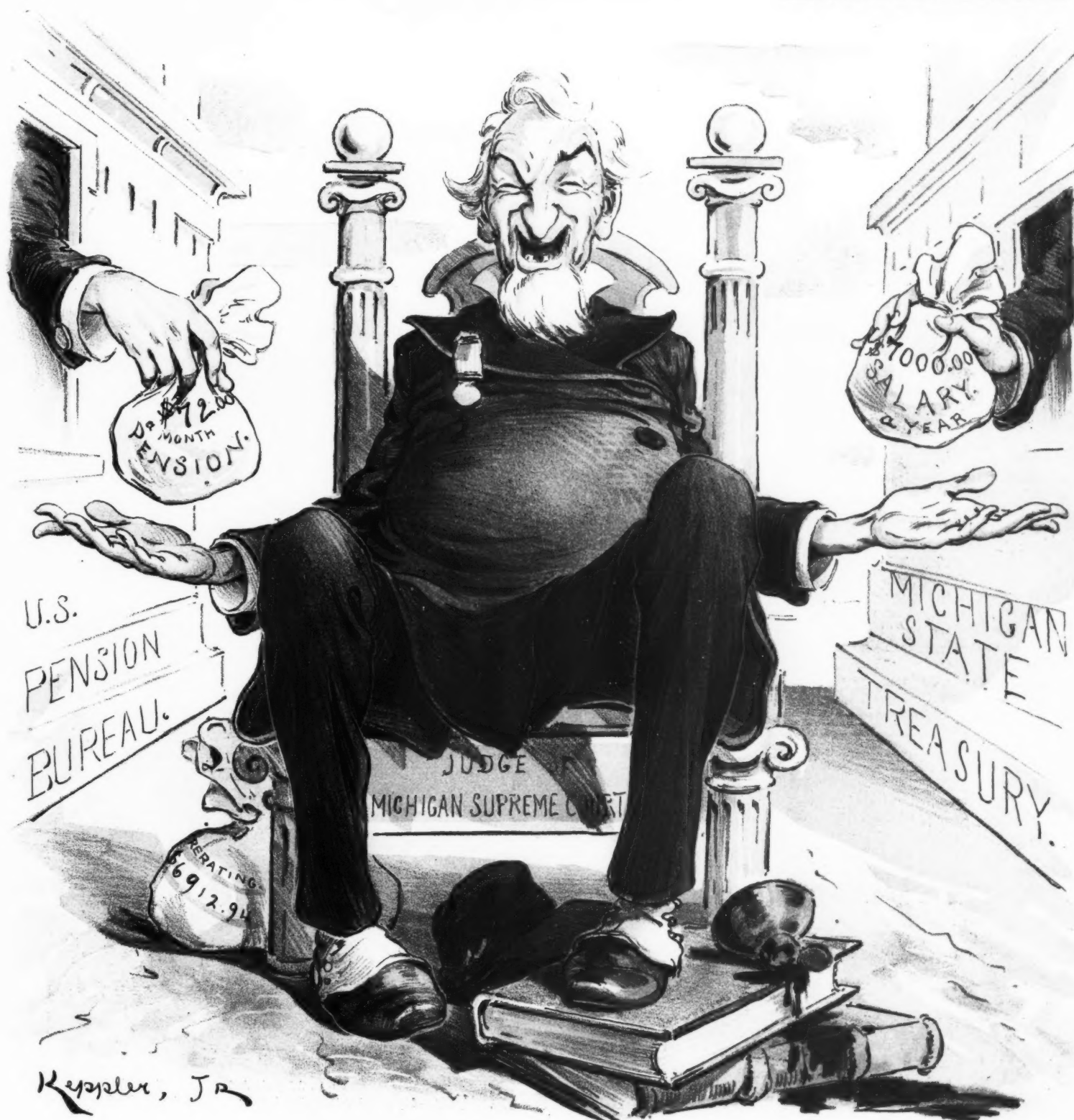


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Puck

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A SAMPLE CASE OF PENSION FRAUD.
AND THERE ARE MORE THAN 100,000 OTHERS JUST LIKE IT.



PUCK,
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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**CONCERNING
POLITICIANS
AND WORKINGMEN.**

WHEN A POLITICIAN evolves a scheme for the enlargement of his own or his party's interest; when he is especially desirous of lining up the virtues of his own party beside the wickedness of the opposition; in short, when he has some particularly bald fallacy that demands nourishment and a wig, he makes a stirring appeal to the workingmen of the country. He warns them that the opposition is conspiring to snatch the bread out of the mouths of their wives and children. He reminds them that any small comforts they may be enjoying have directly resulted from his own party's deep love for them. He cautions them to beware of any other political party claiming to have the interests of labor at heart, as all such are composed of vile, vote-seeking hypocrites. The politician is right in thinking that no party can win without the votes of the workingmen; but he is wrong in believing the workingmen of the country are blind asses. The politician's ideal workingman is an ignorant, excitable, unreasoning and uncommonly gullible creature. He is constantly having the bread snatched out of his mouth, and he is eager to believe any story the politician may tell about who does the snatching. The politician's ideal workingman is ground down under the iron heel of monopoly when the opposition is in power, and lives a happy, contented life, surrounded by modest luxury, when the politician's party rules. He never knows whether he is poor or prosperous until the politician lets him into the secret. The truth is that the politician has never rightly sized up the workingmen whose support he must win. He grossly misconceives the elements that make up the great labor vote. He has never awakened to the fact that the workingmen of the country are, in reality, the "people," or what are loftily referred to as the "masses" or the "middle-classes." Only a part of them wear overalls and work with their muscles. You will find in the labor ranks day-laborers, mechanics, clerks, book-keepers, merchants, professional men, and farmers—in short, the great body of the toiling masses that decide how the country shall be governed and who may do it for them. They are all workingmen, whether they are paid by the day, week or month. The most of them do not belong to labor unions, but they read and think; they find out what they want, and they get it. They are the people whom Abraham Lincoln said you could n't fool all the time. The Republican party, however, has gravely started out to fool these people into believing that black is a light crimson. It began the fourth of last March by declaring that our financial stringency was solely due to the general fear of a Democratic administration. This argument has been most absurdly persisted in. Every bank failure has been due to the fear that our tariff system may be meddled with. We confess our inability to thread the mazes of this staple argument of the defeated party. Sometimes the Republican editor seems to wish us to infer that a dozen or so Democrats, the wicked Grover Cleveland among them, succeeded in gaining control of the Government last November by putting the then President out of the way, presumably by secret assassination; that the people hate the usurpers, and a popular uprising may depose them almost any day. Yet how can we flirt with this pretty fiction, with the cold, hard reality staring us out of countenance? Grover Cleveland was elected President by a popular vote that resulted in one of the largest electoral majorities ever given to a President. Was it this way that universal distrust would have found expression? Sometimes the Republican editor admits that Mr. Cleveland was really elected President of the United States, something after the manner prescribed by the constitution; but he insists that the people are now in a state of desperate apprehension lest the President shall do the things they elected him to do; lest he shall give them what they want. The proposition bristles with Republican logic; we begin to wonder if the impression is still prevalent in Republican circles that two and two make four.

According to the silver fanatics and the Grand Old Party, the country has only a few months more to live. The Silverite predicts a riotous upheaval, an ebullition of gory communism. The Republican predicts ruin of a quieter sort. He foresees first the gradual extinction of all manufacturing industries; then the starvation of American workingmen, and, finally, the dissolution of the nation. He holds himself proudly aloof as he prophesies, with the air of a faithful mentor who has been ungratefully cast off, and who intends to view the resulting disaster more in sorrow

than in anger. Yet petulance occasionally mars the dignity of his protests, as if the horrible thought that the country may not go to the devil, after all, had crossed his mind. At such times he unbends and tells the country that it may yet be saved if it will only change its stubborn mind about the McKinley scheme of protection. He has other bland bits of buncombe with which he lights up the road to destruction, but that is his blandest. Another bit is this: When Benjamin Harrison came in in 1889 there was a magnificent surplus in the Treasury. No sooner was Grover Cleveland inaugurated than the surplus was found to have vanished, and financial stringency laid hold of the land. It is obvious to the Republican mind that this was due to lack of confidence in Mr. Cleveland. It is true that Mr. Harrison looted the Treasury of its surplus and fastened the Sherman law upon the country because he lacked the moral courage to declare himself on the silver question; and it is also true that Mr. Cleveland's sound money views formed an important factor in his victory. Yet, in the Republican's mind it is all a matter of "confidence;" the people strangely had confidence in the man who bartered their interests for patronage, and they have no confidence in the man who has always averred his hostility to the silver fallacy.

The Democratic administration has begun work upon legislation that is of momentous and vital interest to the welfare of the country. This is a good time for the Republican party to show if it retains aught of the decency and patriotism that were once its glories. Never were issues more sharply defined, more squarely met or more emphatically decided than those which placed Mr. Cleveland a second time in the Presidential chair. The Republican party has not only failed to fool anyone but itself, in its efforts to hide the truth; but it has given an exhibition of vicious partisanship that augurs ill for its future.

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IT WAS N'T THE SPIRIT.

THE SANCTIFIED (noticing the look of woe on his neighbor's face).—My poor brother, I'm glad the words of the speaker have stirred your conscience in this way.

THE UNREGENERATE.—It is n't that, Mister; these patent-leather shoes are burning like tarnation!

THE ART OF LETTER-WRITING.



H, DEAR! I've got to answer Jennie's letter, and I have n't the slightest idea what to say!" exclaimed Bessie Norris, as she leaned her elbows on the lid of her secretary and tried to think whether she had any thoughts to collect.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Kitty Winslow, briskly; "it's awfully easy to answer a letter. Give me her latest effusion and I'll show you how it's done. Let me see what she says; — um — yes — all right. I'll write this out for you and you can copy it."

DEAR JENNIE:—

Of course, you must be nappy! Seated on the sweet Moorish balcony, overlooking such a lovely stretch of country, with Edith lying in the hammock swung in front of your rocker, and two of the men lounging against the railing and smoking. How can you deceive those poor fellows so? Naturally they would be furious if they thought you were writing to a man.

You must have been greatly surprised to find Fred Travis and Will Meadowbrooke and Clifford Noyes there, when you did n't think there was going to be a man in the house. But that is just your luck. If you went to the North Pole, my dear, the inevitable man would turn up, as soon as you had unpacked your trunks and shaken the wrinkles out of your best gowns.

So you went out for a moonlight drive with Will? No wonder, you got in awfully late! I guess the horse was the only one of the trio that really wanted to go home. I had to smile at the idea of Mrs. Wyckoff refusing to be shocked because she knew you were safe with Will; he is such a good young man!

So he is; but—"Not too good, For human nature's daily food."

As you probably found out!

I quite envy you the Van Nostrand's dance. It will surely be a swell affair; especially as so many nice people are coming up from New York for it. You must write and tell me all about it.

It is very stupid here now; but I am going to Lenox next week.

Give my love to Edith and the rest of the girls, and tell them I wish I were there, too.

Yours devotedly,
BESSIE.

"There!" said Kitty; "you see how easy it is. I have filled nearly two sheets of paper."

"How funny!" exclaimed Bessie; "it reads all right, and yet you have only repeated her letter right back to her."

"Yes," replied Kitty; "that's the proper way to answer a letter, and save your brains for more important purposes."

Harry Romaine.

NOT A LINGUIST.

MRS. WORLDLEY.—If, as you say, your master kissed you against your will, why did you not cry "Help!"?

FRENCH MAID.—Ah, Madame! Zat ees juste ze vord of vich I could not sink at ze moment. Zen, ven I remember eet, eet vas too late. He haf keessed me t'ree, four, five time.

DEFINITIONS.

BOBBY.—Pop, what is a *musicale*?

FOND PARENT.—A *musicale*, my son, is where a lot of people who know each other meet together, and talk in a loud tone of voice about the rest of the people they know, who are not present.

BOBBY.—And what is a *conversazione*, Pop?

FOND PARENT.—A *conversazione* is where the same people sit in sad and solemn silence, listening to a lot of mildewed music.

THEY'D NEVER GET THROUGH.

MRS. STRONGMIND.—Why should not women do all the piano-tuning in the country? Tell me that.

MRS. DEWAGG.—They might manage with uprights, but they would never get through with the other kinds. When the lid of a square or a grand is raised it becomes a mirror.

A SUNDAY COMPLAINT.

DR. THIRDLY.—Sorry your husband is n't out to church to-day; is he ill?

MRS. HICKS.—No, he is n't ill, exactly — just one of his weekly attacks of being homesick.



A SURMISE.

GRIP SACKETT.—How are you, Joe — off for an outing?

JOE PLUNKITT.—Yes; going down into the country for a little visit.

GRIP SACKETT.—Bright thought, that, to take your gun with you, if you're going to play on that banjo.

RESIGNATION.

CONSOLER.—In the loss of your husband do you humbly acknowledge the will of a higher power?

MRS. DE CREE.—Certainly. I can't kick on the Supreme Court.

A FAIR BROKER.

As with the stocks, with her
It oft befalls;
People upon her list
She puts and calls.



A CHANGE OF TUNE.

MRS. O'BRIEN (looking from her window). — Give it to 'im, officer. These vagybonds be so annoyin' around this neighborhood that Oi go most crazy.



MRS. O'BRIEN (as the victim proves to be her own son). — Yez big Dootch brute! If Dinis O'Brien has any pull in this war-rd at all, yez 'll lose yer job.



AN OLD CLOCK.

T. SIMONS SLEPT in the little room back of his shop. The old clock had stood at the foot of his bed for many years, accumulating dust without interference. It was a part of the stock when he bought out the business. He had often wondered as to its market value, but never as to its history, being a man little given to profitless speculation of that sort.



The front room was filled to overflowing with modern time-pieces, ranged upon shelves along the walls, clear down to the front window where T. Simons sat all day and peered intently through a glass at the disordered works of watches. Out in front was a wooden imitation of a watch bearing the legend, "T. Simons, Watch Repairing," by which it was always twenty minutes past eight.

The old clock was very tall and encased in mahogany. In addition to the customary divisions of time, it was qualified to indicate the day, month and year, and certain astronomical phenomena, such as the phases of the moon and the position of the sun in the ecliptic. It was surmounted by a mailed knight, staring

before him through his barred helmet, with his halberd at rest, oblivious to the fate that awaited him on either side, at the jaws of a dragon with crested head and enormous claws. The knight was resting from his work of righting poor ladies' harms; the dragons appeared to have been awaiting an agreed moment to engage in a ferocious onslaught upon him, when the attack had been happily averted by a suspension of time. The old clock stood there, grim and silent, the sun in the Winter solstice, the moon three quarters full, and the hands pointing to nine of the clock.

An enterprising mouse had installed his family in a warm and commodious nest at the base. The family put on great airs over other mice living under the floor, who were, of a necessity, itinerants and subject to all sorts of annoying disasters. These mice, in a spirit of vandalism peculiar to the tribe, occupied their spare hours in defacing the inside of the old clock. Every night they made excursions to the upper works, and, although not the slightest benefit accrued from the proceeding, they gnawed everything not strictly metallic at great loss of sleep and tooth enamel.

One night these ill-advised labors brought about dire confusion inside the clock. Midnight was announced in the outer room by an anxious little thing of a mantel clock that ran off the hours in a shrill, nervous falsetto. Several baritones then discussed the hour with apparent amity. They aroused a fancy article in the French way, that gave its version of the story in clear, musical tones. Two rows of smaller clocks, extravagant with gilt and veneer, then rattled off the hour in a jangle of vulgar pretension. They were cheap and quite in poor taste, and no two agreed as to the exact moment. The last to strike was an important-looking cathedral clock that chimed out the hour with solemn, self-satisfied deliberation, as one confident of being exact to a second.

At that moment there was a tumult in the old clock; the heavy weights fell with a crash, the sun approached the vernal equinox, the moon assumed a phase entirely new to astronomy, and a figure 7 displaced "8" in the year. Time had lapsed a hundred years.

Even so long ago as this the clock was called old, because of its dark, formidable aspect. With gruff monotony it tries to warn those who consult it of the flight of time—that even a second, the space of a tick, can not be recalled. It grows morbid and soured over the thoughtless inattention of those around it to this important fact; but, then, it has a

grim satisfaction in knowing that the very time it measures shapes the destinies of these heedless people.

Across the velvety green of a wide, smooth lawn a youth and a maiden walk. The maiden is slight and fair, with eyes that have filched their azure from a cloudless sky. The youth is tall and slender and, likewise, fair, and stoops slightly as he walks beside her. There is a tender light in his eyes as he tells the maiden of his reverent, devoted love for her and his dreams of their beautiful future. The maiden thinks it a good thing to be loved, but she can not interpret the dreams of the youth; she finds them vague and full of longings that sound strangely to her; she takes no pleasure on the dream bark that the youth is forever sailing over Utopian seas. There is a look in the eyes of the youth that the eyes of the maiden have not. The maiden's eyes are wide open; she sees only things of substance. The youth, whose eyes are often more than half closed, looks far away and sees little of what is near him. The maiden sees a youth who loves her, as she sees the rose she robs of its petals. The youth sees the world in the maiden he loves.

The Spring days pass, each one lengthening in lingering regret for its own beauty and the love that adorns it. The youth plays on a clarionet. The maiden finds his music as vague as his dreams, and more insistent, for the youth plays long. His spirit tries to cry its longing through the music, but it has not learned the way well. It is dreary music to the maiden.

Another youth joins the pair. He is gallant and handsome, with quick, laughing brown eyes that look at the maiden,—not through her to a dream beyond. He plays upon no musical instrument. This youth and the maiden understand each other; their thoughts are merry and easy. Winged thoughts are hard to catch. He has a light and joyous nature, easily susceptible to her. When she plays upon the harpsichord he finds many pretty phrases ready to his tongue, wherewith he compliments her. When the first youth speaks of her music his words are confused.

Only through his clarionet can he express his troubled thoughts, and his auditors demur to such expression at length, protesting that the sounds are not modulated to please the ear.

The first youth is slow to believe that he must not longer love the maiden. When he is quite sure of it his horizon is contracted for a brief time, and the beauty of his smile is marred by stubborn nerves that draw down the corners of his mouth. When the two are wed the heart of the first youth is heavy, but his blessing is fervent. The maiden is all the world to him, yet he sees that her soul is slumbering and can not respond to his. He is a youth who lives too much in the upper part of his head.

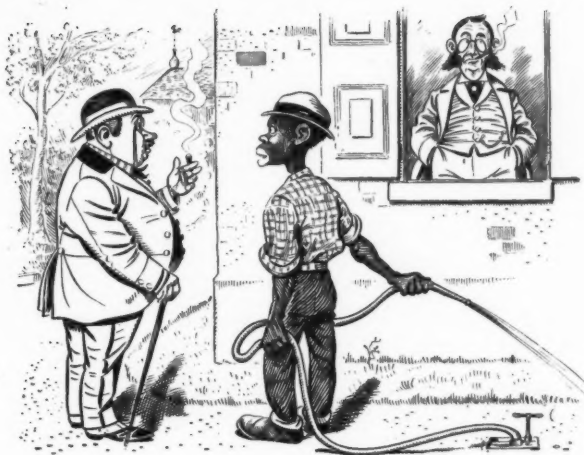
The old clock announces Summer, in its portentous way, as if the season came by its leave. They are men, the husband and friend. The friend is still a lover and breathes his love as of old to his clarionet, still with his old-time proficiency. His respectful homage is graciously received by my lady who finds sentimental pleasure in speaking of the old days; out of the goodness of her heart, such is woman's logic, she sometimes breathes a sigh expressly to comfort him who loved her. But he is blind to this and still looks far away. When he is the only guest he likes to play on his clarionet. The husband listens to the music amiably. In the fleeting, careless years the friend has become benefactor and is glad to be so. He needs but little, and they need much. He gives without reserve, being an open-handed fellow.

Autumn is warned of by the old clock, an ominous reminder of dead days and those that shall die. The years have lavishly rounded the sylph-like form of my lady until she has attained an overflowing plenitude hard to reconcile with her former dainty outlines, except as a sarcasm of fate.

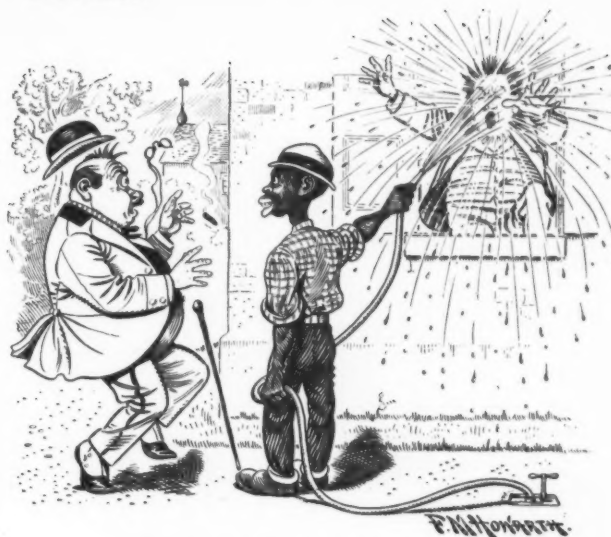
The soft rose-tint of her cheek has been harshly emphasized. She sighs frequently now, and the sighs have grown more noticeable with the years. She talks of the old days familiarly in her large, sentimental way, dilating volubly on the hallowed pleasures of Memory. She has observed of late years that the friend no longer regards her with the old look of respectful affection; he takes but slight notice of her, and his dreamy, absent look is more marked than before. My lady, who has developed many traits which, although seem-



OBLIGING, BUT CARELESS.



STRANGER.—Can you tell me where Mr. Subbubs lives?



THE NEW BOY.—Yas, sah! He libs right in dat house dar.

RIGHTING A WRONG.

DOBBER (*the artist*).—I have called, Mr. Gotrox, to make a confession to which I am driven by the pangs of a gnawing conscience. I grossly deceived you in regard to that pastoral picture you purchased from me two months ago.

OLD GOTROX.—Did, hey? How, may I ask?

DOBBER.—Those blotches in the foreground of the painting—you spoke of them as barberry bushes—Mr. Gotrox, I—I can not conceal the truth any longer; they are cows!



WAS IT ART OR NATURE?

COBALT.—Did you see D'Auber's picture, "A Storm at Sea"?
LAQUER.—Yes; it actually made me sick.

AND, NOWHERE ELSE.

"I know a woman who spends her mornings thinking up recipes that produce the most ravishing dishes from the simplest ingredients, which would otherwise be thrown away; her afternoons, making easy chairs and picturesque nooks out of creton, cracker-boxes and flour-barrels; and her evenings, making inexpensive but entrancing costumes after hints in the papers. She is never worried or flurried, and her face always wears a smile."

"Ah! Where does this ideal being live?"
"In the various woman's magazines."

THE SEDUCTIVE MORNING COCKTAIL.

No temperance homily would I indite,
And yet, from what I've seen, that man, methinks,
Who drinks to help along his appetite
But helps along his appetite for drinks.

John Ludlow.

READING HIS TITLE CLEAR.

"What has Preface ever written that his life should be in 'Contemporary Authors of America'?"

"Why, he wrote 'Contemporary Authors of America!'"

HE WOULD N'T.

DUSTY RHODES.—Lady, will this shirt wash?

MRS. DRYGOOD.—Of course it will.

DUSTY RHODES (*sadly*).—Then I—I don't want it.

AN ACCEPTED REBUKE.

He pressed his lips upon her hand,
She said 't was out of place;
He rectified the error
And kissed her on the face.



MISTAKEN ECONOMY.

MRS. BAXTERSKEIN.—See vot a lovely big sdrow hat I got for Chakey to wear ven ve go by Long Pranch fer dot vacation.

MR. BAXTERSKEIN.—Mine cracious, Repecca, you made a pig misdake; if Chakey wears dot hat on der peach he von't get sunburnt efen a little pit, und de neighbors von't know ve haf peen by dot Long Pranch at all. Dake it pack und schange it fer a polo cap, right away!

ingly improbable, are not essentially unfeminine, is fain to believe, and so expresses herself, that the friend is leading a double life. In no other way can she explain the absence of those sad, worshipful attentions that bespoke his devotion.

The husband retains his youthful beauty, gay, volatile and ease-loving, with always a kind word for his benefactor. He has been known to say of him that he is a man of right good heart but sadly impractical. The friend gives everything; the husband, without uselessly magnifying the obligation, insists that some day, when the world goes well, he shall have it all returned to him with heavy interest.

Winter is tolled in by the old clock, and is welcomed by it as we always welcome the fulfillment of our dismal prophesies. The old man's face is seamed, his hair as white as his powdered wig, his tall form bent. He speaks in a soft, gentle voice, that sometimes trembles, but his eyes are as bright as the buckles on his shoes, and still see far away. He lives in lodgings now and has the old clock and his bed,—and but little else, for the world has not gone well. He is often spoken of as an improvident old man.



My lady was right; he has lived a double life. Though it is Winter, and he has outwardly grown old with the year, he retains in his heart the essence of Spring, and upon this he has subsisted. He enshrined in his heart the ideal my lady inspired. This he has always worshiped, and it has loved and comforted him. When the years unkindly drew my lady out of semblance to the ideal, she became nothing in this half of his life; he forgot she was once its incarnation. He communes with her through his clarinet, though this blissful union is often broken in upon by protesting fellow lodgers, who accuse him of an imperfect conception of harmony; and, indeed, the halting, uncertain notes tell the story perfectly only to him. He has left numerous lodgings on this account. When thus interrupted, he meekly puts away his instrument and walks the streets with his sweetheart by his side, for it gets cold and cheerless in his room when he stops playing. The old clock ticks on with querulous insistence; and sometimes, in looking at it, he dimly realizes the years that have slipped by him.

And so, to the end of the Winter, the old man leads his double life. His shining eyes light up his tremulous old face, and their last look is



NO LONGER FRANK.

KNIGHT.—You ought not to complain now; before we were married I told you how bad I was.

MRS. KNIGHT.—Yes; but you never told me how you'd lie about it afterward!



ON GUARD.

OFFICER DOLAN (to falling balloonist).—Hi dthere! Don't yez see thim signs?

into the clear, tender eyes of the maiden he loved long ago. With Spring and his ideal always in his heart, he cheats fate and the old clock to the end.

The following morning, as T. Simons prepared his breakfast of oatmeal over a gas stove, he glanced frequently at the face of the old clock, and, later, examined the damage done by the mice. From the figure 7, which had appeared, he gained an idea of the clock's age. That forenoon a large man, with a heavy watch chain and a calculating eye, sauntered into the little room and examined the clock. He said it was an old clock. T. Simons said it *was* an old clock, — mighty old and valuable, too. The man paid T. Simons a very fair price for it, as such things go.



HIS PART OF THE JOB.

TOURIST (in Oklahoma).—Your fellow-townsmen, Judge Begad, is a self-made man, is he not?

ALKALI IKE.—Wa-al, not wholly; I put a head on him, the other day, myself.

A MATTER OF TASTE.

"I say," inquired the lady bug; "why don't you dress in the prevailing colors?"

"Bah!" answered the potato bug; "lavender does n't go with my complexion, and these Paris greens simply make me sick."

WITHOUT McALLISTER.

BORAX.—I don't suppose that official Tammany "society" will be so very different from the "400," after all.

SMILAX.—No. It'll still be run on the "ward" system.

IN GOOD SHAPE.

BARBER.—How does the razor feel?

SUFFERER.—It ought to feel pretty good; it has a strong pull!

LANGUAGE WAS given to lawyers to conceal the thoughts of their clients.

ODE TO HORACE.



I.
WHEN AN English poet gets stuck—
From Dobson to William Morris—
Instead of cursing his luck,
He writes an "Ode to Horace."

II.
So, Horace, here is to you!
And, now, I should like to know
Why you took a gloomy view
Of this life down here below?

III.
You had Falernian wine,
And Lydia, even dearer!
Things not in the poet's line
In this Nineteenth Century Era.

V.
And there is the editor, grim!
Perhaps—if you'd recollected
That you had no knowledge of him,
Nor of "finest efforts" rejected—

IV.
Your subjects were fresh and new;
You had no rivals of worth;
Why, Horace, I blush for you!
You virtually owned the earth.

VI.
I can tell you; *verbum sat*;
As a matter of fact (between us)
That you struck an awful snap
In your wealthy friend Mæcenas.

VII.
And I further want to state,
That you lived in a golden time,
When a poet was voted great,
Who had never written a rhyme.
Harry Romaine.

EXECUTIVE CLEMENCY.

"You have wronged me deeply," said a Chicago man to his defamer;
"such infamy can never be pardoned."

"You forget that Altgeld is still Governor," was the reply.

SARCASM FROM THE WAYSIDE.

TOURIST.—I beseech you to help me in my distress! Can you not give me a nickel?

LADY.—No.

TOURIST.—A bite to eat?

LADY.—No.

TOURIST.—Any old clothes?

LADY.—No.

TOURIST.—Perhaps you'd be willing to write to your congressman and ask him to use his best efforts to secure the repeal of the Sherman law?

GETTING EVEN.

"See Gary's back from Chicago. How long was he out there?"
"Just one day; money gave out, and he came back dead-broke."

"What's he doing now?"

"Oh, he's writing a book called 'A Week at the Fair.'"

DIVORCE AMENITIES.

CHICAGO LADY (*who was once MRS. BILLINGTON, to other Chicago lady, who was also once MRS. BILLINGTON*).—I think we ought to cut that Loring girl if she marries Billington. It is an outrageous insult to question our good taste in this way.

A CHARMING COMPANION.

PRUNELLA.—She is a delightful person to talk to.

PRISCILLA.—Why, I thought she was dumb!

PRUNELLA.—So she is—dumb, but not deaf.

THE RIVALS.

THE BLONDE.—I wonder if I shall ever live to be a hundred?

THE BRUNETTE.—Not if you remain twenty-two much longer.

REVERSED PRECEDENCE.

"Are they husband and wife?"

"No; wife and husband."

A GIRL'S "Yes," is brief; but it is n't taken as a short answer.



AT OCEAN GROVE.

BROTHER WATSON.—Ah, Brother! I'm afraid Brother Merrick will have to be read out of the Church.

BROTHER HUPLEY.—Wherefore, Brother?

BROTHER WATSON.—He painted his fence last night, and he's allowing it to dry on the Sabbath.



OUTRAGEOL

MISS FOOTLITES.—I'll leave first!

MISS FRONTROW.—What's up now?

MISS FOOTLITES.—Why, they are going to put a new piece on next week, with the scene laid at the seashore; and they want us to wear bathing-suits!

HE'LL HAVE A CHANCE.

FANGLE.—I was awfully disappointed not to go with Peary on his Arctic trip.

CUMSO.—Never mind. Perhaps you can go on the rescuing expedition.

SHOULD HAVE READ THE PAPERS.

"Where is Stoxon Bonds? Where can I find the insolent plutocrat?" cried the wild-eyed crank as he toyed with his revolver, forgetting that Mr. Bonds's obituary had already been published.

"Oh, go to blazes!" said the copper, wearily, and gathered the lunatic in.

TWO OF THEM.

THE VAIN YOUTH.—I think I'm in love with you!

THE FRESH BUD.—Second thoughts are best; think again!

BOTH CURIOSITIES.

FIRST SIDE-SHOW MAN.—Step right in, ladies and gents, and see the greatest wonder of modern times, the man who has n't been to the World's Fair.

OPPOSITION SHOWMAN.—Don't be led astray by those antiquated attractions across the way. Walk in and see the wonderful man who has been to the World's Fair for two consecutive months and never says a word about it.

FROM THE number of nations that have sent out explorers after it, one would think that the North Pole was a flagstaff.

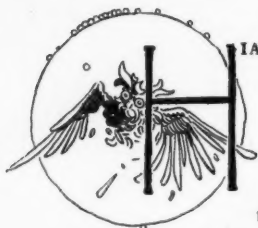
HOW MANY girls wear dress reformed!

How many girls abhor it!
We men can't know for sure, and so
We take their figures for it.



THE BIG FIREMAN AND THE SILLY LITTLE NEWSBOYS.
WHILE HE PUTS OUT THE FLAMES CAUSED BY REPUBLICAN MISMANAGEMENT, THEY TRY TO FRIGHTEN THE COUNTRY ABOUT IT.

ADMINISTRATION.



A DAKOTA IDYL.

IAWATHA, painted in the latest shade of ecru, stood proudly beside the maiden of his choice. Winona was her name, and she was the child of poor but thrifty parents.

"Suppose —"

The girl's voice trembled, and her eyes rested shyly upon the rugged countenance of the brave.

"— thou shouldst tire of me?"

He smiled fondly as his hand caressed her raven tresses with reverent touch.

"My love," he whispered; "Sioux Falls is less than ten miles from my teepee."

A whip-poor-will rent the night air with a couple of shrieks, and the Indian maiden bent her head in thought.

THE FRYING-PAN is sometimes called the "spider," because it has spread its web over the homes of all America.

A SWISS MOVEMENT
— Climbing.

NECESSITY KNOWS no law. But, being the mother of invention, she ought at least to know the patent-laws.

"MY FRIEND, let me remind you, that the wages of sin is death."

"Oh, never mind! We'll soon have an A. O. U. Sinners, and they'll strike for two deaths."

HANGERS ON — Bull Terriers.



Said Hungry Hawkins, "I wish't it was lamb; But, to show I ain't proud, I will take some ham."

NOBILITY'S REWARD.



His speaking of "some" was what you might call A coarse, vulgar joke, for he then took it all.

LOVE IS blind; but its imagination is equipped with double-barreled telescopes.

CHARITY BEGINS at home; but that's no place to call it by that name.

FINANCE IS the science of creditably making something off other people's money.

HUNGER IS the best sauce; but it should be taken with something.

WATCH WORDS —
Tick, Tick!

The crime was observed by the watch-dog keen — So he made a dash for the thief all serene.



The ham was dropped and the criminal fled While Towser stood guard; — he had just been fed.



When those he had served came after his prize The light of proud virtue that shone from his eyes



Was mistaken for guilt, and, sad to relate, He would have been clubbed but for Hawkins and Fate.



'Yer see, Lady, I could n't have de dog bent, When I knew it was me what had stolen de meat."



He got his reward, and he ate it as well; Convinced that the truth is the best thing to tell.



A CURDLING THREAT.

IRATE BOY.—Look here, you squirt any water on me, an' I'll kick the stuffin' out o' you! Y' understand?

THE ETIQUETTE OF PACKAGES.



THE ETIQUETTE of packages, which has lately been taken up by Philadelphia with its accustomed energy, threatens to overcome the McAllister-Chatfields of Bargaincounterville. "There are times," says an eminent Philadelphia authority, "when to carry a package is a necessity; and, being a necessity, it would seem that the fact would absolve one from criticism; but it is not so." It seems that should a Philadelphia woman enter a car, no matter how well dressed she may be, no matter how well-behaved, no matter if she says "thank you!" for a seat, if she carries a bundle done up in white paper she is at once set down as belonging to the "middle class." And to be set down, no matter how regretfully or gently, in the Philadelphia middle class, seems to entail suffering equivalent to being outclassed somewhere else. Let a man bring a package into a Philadelphia car, and, even if he throws away his cigar stub and refrains from swinging one foot over the adjacent knee like a cantilever bridge, society has it in for him.

It is true, a woman may carry a small box suggestive of *bon-bons* or the jeweler, with a reserve approaching *hauteur*, but these are the exceptions that establish the Philadelphia rule. A square, knobby box containing, perhaps, the germ of a new dress, contains also the germ of social extinction for the unfortunate woman who brings it into a car. A woman may not carry home her own hat, no matter how anxious she may be for it, or how dubious the chances of its delivery in time for the croquet party.

The etiquette of packages may seem to some querulous persons trifling; but it is not so. It is based on the logical inference that those who carry home bundles by daylight have settled for their contents, while those who compel the storekeeper to deliver a two-ounce package in a two-ton wagon have "an account." Society having been largely built up by people with accounts—some of them of considerable antiquity—declines to be impinged upon by those who try to insinuate themselves into her midst on a merely cash basis.

James Gray.

SHE ANTICIPATED HIM.

BEN TRITE.—A penny for your thoughts, dear.

MAY CUTTING.—Where is the penny? Thanks! I was thinking it was just about time for you to make that very remark.

MAN'S CARELESSNESS.

MRS. ESSEY.—If you drink brandy without putting water in it, you will ruin the coat of your stomach.

HEN ESSEY (*absently*).—Never mind; it's an old coat.

PRINCE GEORGE has no objections to a new York; but he is opposed to a Greater New York.

FROM THE HAWVILLE CLARION.

At the regular meeting of the Literary Society, last Wednesday night, the subject of debate, "Resolved: That the average Greek citizen of the time of Pericles was fitted by education and culture to enter the best society of our booming little city," was decided in the affirmative.

During the evening, certain anonymous persons persisted in hanging their heads in at the open windows and indulging in uncalled-for criticisms; and this continued till forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and the Rev. Mr. Harps, who was one of the judges of debate, suddenly whipped out the revolver which was presented to him last Christmas by his Sabbath-school class of young ladies, and fired with such excellent aim that the bullet nipped off the lobe of one of the rowdies' ears, after which no further remarks were heard from that source. With the exception of this incident, a lovely time was had during the entire evening.

COALS TO NEWCASTLE.

SATAN.—This business is n't what it used to be.

IMP.—Why not, sire?

SATAN.—Think of asking a gent of my distinguished reputation to work the second degree on a man who has already been cremated!

AUTUMNAL.

She's in the sere and yellow leaf,
In crimson hues she's dressed;
Yet, though 't is plain she'd just as lief,
I doubt if she be pressed.

Roe L. Hendrick.



LOCATING HIM.

EXAMINER.—This injury at the base of the spine entitles you to a pension; to what brigade did you belong?

GARNICHT.—The one visiting office buildings to sell war maps.

QUITE DIFFERENT.

MRS. KIDDER.—I thought you said Mr. Snorkey was an auburn-haired person? Why, his hair is as black as jet!

MR. KIDDER.—Oh! I referred to the cut.

A GROSS INDIGNITY.

"You Cadwalladah Lee Jackson, come heah to yo' muddah dis minnit an' tell her what you's cryin' foh?"

"Dem boys is callin' me a Sheeny Mick."

EARLY TRAINING.

How strange it is that oft a woman's put
To teach the young idea how to shoot!
When, older grown, we hunt our mental game.
What wonder our ideas miss their aim?

C. W.



A VACANCY.

REPORTER.—I hear you have had trouble in your museum.

MANAGER.—Yes. I had to discharge one of the Siamese twins.

Visitors to Chicago should not fail to call at the



Have your Mail sent there.
Write your LETTERS there.
Meet your FRIENDS there.
In fact, MAKE IT YOUR HEADQUARTERS during your stay at the Fair.
The Puck Building is located midway between the Woman's Building and the Horticultural Hall, and is but a minute's walk from the 60th Street entrance to the Fair Grounds.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK.
The Lather
NEVER DRIES ON THE FACE.
Your Druggist keeps it. Will you try it? It costs the same as others. We think it *worth* a great deal more. 25c. at all Drug Stores.

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM.
THE PERFECTION OF CHEWING GUM.
A DELICIOUS REMEDY
FOR ALL FORMS OF INDIGESTION
Each tablet contains one grain pure pepsin, sufficient to digest 1,000 grains of food. It can not be obtained from dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package to
BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO., 27 Lake Street, Cleveland, O.
CAUTION—See that the name BEEMAN is on each wrapper.
ORIGINATORS OF PEPSIN CHEWING GUM.

ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME
includes the great temperance drink
Hires' Root Beer
It gives New Life to the Old Folks, Pleasure to the Parents, Health to the Children.
Good for All—Good All the Time.
A 25 cent package makes Five gallons. Be sure and get Hires'.

THE DAY THEY DON'T CELEBRATE.
CARPER.—They say the English take their pleasures sadly.
DUMLEY.—Yes, and their holidays, too. I was in London last Fourth of July and I did n't hear so much as a fire-cracker.—*World's Fair Puck.*

NEVER OUT OF PRINT—The Dry-goods Store.—*World's Fair Puck.*

THERE are numerous marines around the French exhibits, but it is mighty hard to tell it to 'em.—*World's Fair Puck.*

IF a man could exist on food for thought, his World's Fair expenses would be comparatively light.—*World's Fair Puck.*



COULD N'T JOSS HIM.

CHARLES RIVERS (*ironically*).—For all the boasted self-sufficiency of you Chicagoans, I notice you are glad to make big points by advertising "Real Boston Baked Beans," "Milinery, latest New York Ideas," "Genuine Philadelphia Butter," and—

VAN BUREN LAKE.—Oh, yes; we like to tickle the provincial pride of out-of-towners who visit us.—*World's Fair Puck.*

La Flor De Vallens & Co.

Incomparable Clear Havana Cigars.

THE
BEST
THAT



MONEY
CAN
BUY.

If your dealer does not sell this brand, we will send you a box, charges prepaid, containing 13 Cigars for \$1.25, \$1.50 and upward to \$6.00. These Cigars range in Price from 10c. to 50c. each.
HUGENE VALLENS & CO., 44 to 54 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

MARRY YOUR TROUSERS

TO THE
CENTURY-BRACE

and they will be comfortably supported as long as they live. The ceremony will be performed for 50 cents or more by any first-class furnisher.

CHESTER SUSPENDER CO.,
4 Decatur Ave., Roxbury, Mass.

ON THE ELECTRIC LAUNCH.

"What I can't understand," said Mr. Justin Newman, "is how that fellow can make this boat go so fast just by giving that wheel an occasional turn."—*World's Fair Puck.*

ONE man who has tried it says that you can get about as much information at some of the information bureaus as you can relief from a relief map.—*World's Fair Puck.*

AGENTS WANTED. male and female.
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CLAUS SIEBEL CO., Fremont, O., and Kansas City, Missouri.

CANDY
Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,
C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

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Among Pianos the **BEST** is the

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Turkish, Extra Bright Plug
Cut, Extra Bright Long Cut,
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ADDRESS,
Jas. C. Pond, General Passenger & Ticket Agent,
CHICAGO, ILL.

WAX WORK—Chewing Tutti-Frutti.
World's Fair Puck.

"I Want A SUIT OF CLOTHES and I want it very badly."
Is this the burden of your song? Then hasten to Nicoll the Tailor who will take your measure and make it Quickly, or at your Leisure; at a Moderate Price, too.
Over 2,000 Styles of Summer Suitings—best Foreign and Domestic; Serges, Cheviots and Mohairs.
Suits, \$20.00 up.
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146 & 147
Bowery,
New York.

A MIRROR OF THE GREAT FAIR,

that is what the **World's Fair Puck** really is. Of course you are going there, and so you want the **WORLD'S FAIR PUCK** now, and as long as it lasts.

10 cents a copy, of all Dealers.
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A BETTER COCKTAIL AT HOME THAN IS SERVED OVER ANY BAR IN THE WORLD.
The Club Cocktails

MANHATTAN, MARTINI, WHISKY, HOLLAND GIN, TOM GIN and VERMOUTH,

FOR THE—Yacht
FOR THE—Sea Shore
FOR THE—Mountains
FOR THE—Fishing Party
FOR THE—Camping Party
FOR THE—Summer Hotel

For everywhere that a delicious Cocktail is appreciated.

We prefer you should buy of your dealer. If he does not keep them we will send a selection of four bottles, prepaid, for \$3.00.

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THE ARMSTRONG Gentlemen's Garter.

The easiest and best garter ever worn. Always clean, always the same tension. Ask your dealer for them, or send to

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\$3.50 HUNTING CASE FREE

A fine 14k gold plated watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant richly jeweled gold finished watches by express for examination, and if you think it is equal in appearance to any \$25.00 gold watch, pay our sample price \$3.50 and it is yours. We send with the watch our guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell or cause the sale of six we will give you One Free. Write at once as we shall send out samples for sixty days only.

THE NATIONAL MFG & IMPORTING CO., 334 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

MIND ACTING ON MATTER.

HE.—I am afraid it will be a great shock to her to find that her fiancé is flirting with that handsome blonde.

SHE.—Yes; I should n't wonder if it made her hair turn light in one night.—*World's Fair Puck.*

AT LA RABIDA.

"I wonder why the pictures of Columbus look so different from each other."
"Oh, he was probably trying to follow the photographer's request to look pleasant."—*World's Fair Puck.*

MORE THAN ORDINARY COURAGE REQUIRED.

PLAIN AUNT (reading her NIECE a lesson in maidenly deportment).—No man ever kissed me.

NIECE.—But that would n't stamp man as a coward, would it, Aunt dear? —*World's Fair Puck.*



RATHER THOUGHT SHE WOULD.

JACK POTTS.—I am sorry, Aunt, that you feel so tired; for this Japanese section is most interesting. Won't you let me get you a Jinrikisha?

AUNT BRACER.—Well, perhaps 't would make me feel a little better; but don't have it made too strong!—*World's Fair Puck.*

The guaranteed cure for all headaches is
Bromo-Seltzer—Trial bottle 10c.

American Wines.

THE PLEASANT VALLEY WINE COMPANY, of Rheims, N.Y., whose exhibit at the WORLD'S FAIR attracts such universal attention, have issued a neat little pamphlet, which describes how the famous "Great Western" and their various other brands of champagne are made. The pamphlet is well written and is handsomely illustrated, and it will repay perusal by all persons interested in the subject of American wines. THE PLEASANT VALLEY WINE COMPANY, it will be remembered, received the first prize medal for their "Great Western" and "Carte Blanche" Champagnes at Vienna in 1873; and, as this company have made such strides in the art of wine-making, since that date, we have no doubt but that they will take a similar high honor at the present WORLD'S FAIR.

Angostura Bitters are used by mothers to stop colic and looseness of the bowels in children. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, Manufacturers. Ask your druggist.

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PARTY TIES—White Lawn.—*World's Fair Puck.*

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BUY Liebig COMPANY'S Extract of Beef,

a solid, concentrated extract, free from fat and gelatine or any foreign substance, and dissolve it themselves.

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Made from 2 to 3 years old SONOMA VALLEY WINE, America's Best Product.

Our cellars, extending from Warren to Chambers St., are the finest wine cellars in this city. They enable us to carry sufficient stock to properly age the wine before drawing it off into bottles. The best proof of its superiority lies in the fact that we are patronized by the most prominent hospitals of New York, Brooklyn, and all parts of the country.

A. WERNER & Co., 52 Warren St., New York.
I have submitted A. Werner & Co.'s Extra Dry to a chemical analysis, and find it free from any impurities whatever. I therefore cordially recommend it as a pure and healthy American wine.
A. OGDEN DOREMUS, M.D., LL.D.,
Professor of Chemistry and Physics,
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DOLLARLESS (reading placard) — My case exactly!

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Mental exhaustion and brain fatigue
Promptly cured by Bromo-Seltzer.

Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne is the pure
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will find in time to
give to the first per-
son who cannot
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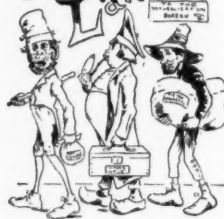
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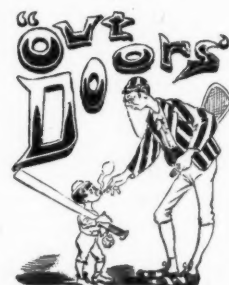
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2. The Summer-Boarder. Being Puck's Best Things About That Afflicted Creature.
1. The National Game. Being Puck's Best Things About Base-Ball.



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BALLOON.—How are you feeling to-day?

WHEEL.—I am able to be up and around as usual.—*World's Fair Puck.*

THE FAITH that would move mountains is invited to compare results with the
science that tunnels them.—*World's Fair Puck.*

SOME men who get
into the public eye are
about as comforting
there as a cinder.—
World's Fair Puck.

It is n't the things
a man can do that he
is proudest of; it's the
things he thinks he
can do.—*World's Fair*
Puck.

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SHADEROLLERS
Beware of Imitations.
NOTICE
AUTOGRAF
OF
Stewart Hartshorn
ON
LABEL
AND GET
THE GENUINE
HARTSHORN

"YES, Miss Sixifers,
my heart is set on
you!"

"Indeed? Well, I
fear it will never
hatch."—*World's Fair*
Puck.

WHEN some call-
ers leave, everybody
rushes to the dictio-
nary.—*Atchison Globe.*

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Cresson Springs on the Pennsylvania
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The Pennsylvania Railroad announces that
all through trains will stop, until further notice,
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Mountains. This will afford passengers to and
from the World's Fair an opportunity to break
the journey and enjoy a few days at this delight-
ful resort.

A POINTED REBUKE.

IRATE, BUT POLITE, PERSON (who
has just taken away an umbrella from
the social fest in front).—Permit me,
sir, to return your umbrella; I found it
in my eye!—*World's Fair Puck.*

USUALLY.

AGENT.—This flat has a fine private
hall.

O'TOOLE.—A foine private haul, in-
dade—who gits ut, the janitor?—
World's Fair Puck.

THE best time for seeing the Hosiery
Exhibit is on a rainy day.—*World's*
Fair Puck.

Advance in Price of Coal
need not increase the cost of other necessities.
Housekeepers and mothers can still obtain the
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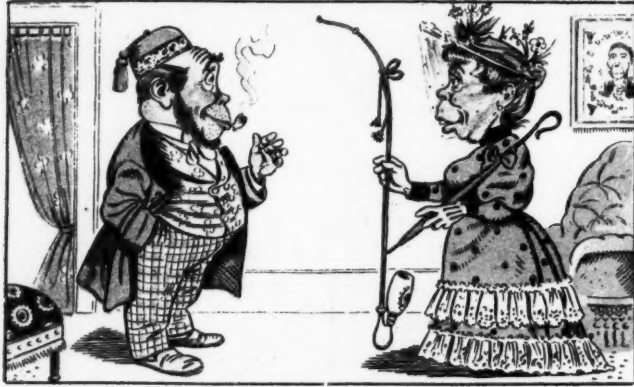
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PUCK.



MRS. MURPHY.—Look Dinny—Oi brought this home to yez fer a soovynir av th' Fair. Oi bought it at th' Dootch Village.



MR. MURPHY.—My! but 't is th' ilegant poipe fer a mon wid money, loike mesilf.



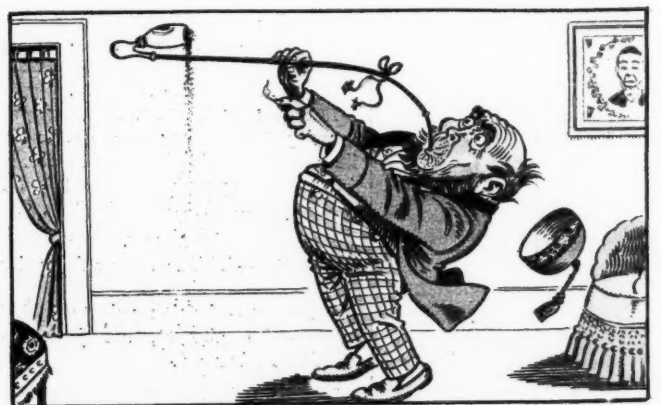
"Be th' Saints! It houlds enough to last a wake."



"Now fer a loight."



"Phwat the divil —"



"Dom th' Dootch an' their poipes!"



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"Clane oop th' wreck, Mary Ann: Youse do be gettin' foolisher an' foolisher ivery day. Oi know a good t'ing whin Oi hov it."

SHOEMAKER, STICK TO YOUR LAST;
OR, AN OLD ADAGE SUBSTANTIATED.